

Ivy Leaves

**Anderson College
Literary Magazine
1984 - 1985**

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Dear Readers,

With great pleasure the 1984-85 staff of **Ivy Leaves** presents the following literary and artistic works. The staff has aimed to provide an outlet for the imagination. We hope that you will enjoy the works that have been selected.

Sincere thanks to the staff for all the time and effort put into selecting the contributions and working on the layout. Special thanks to all students, faculty, and staff members for their contributions.

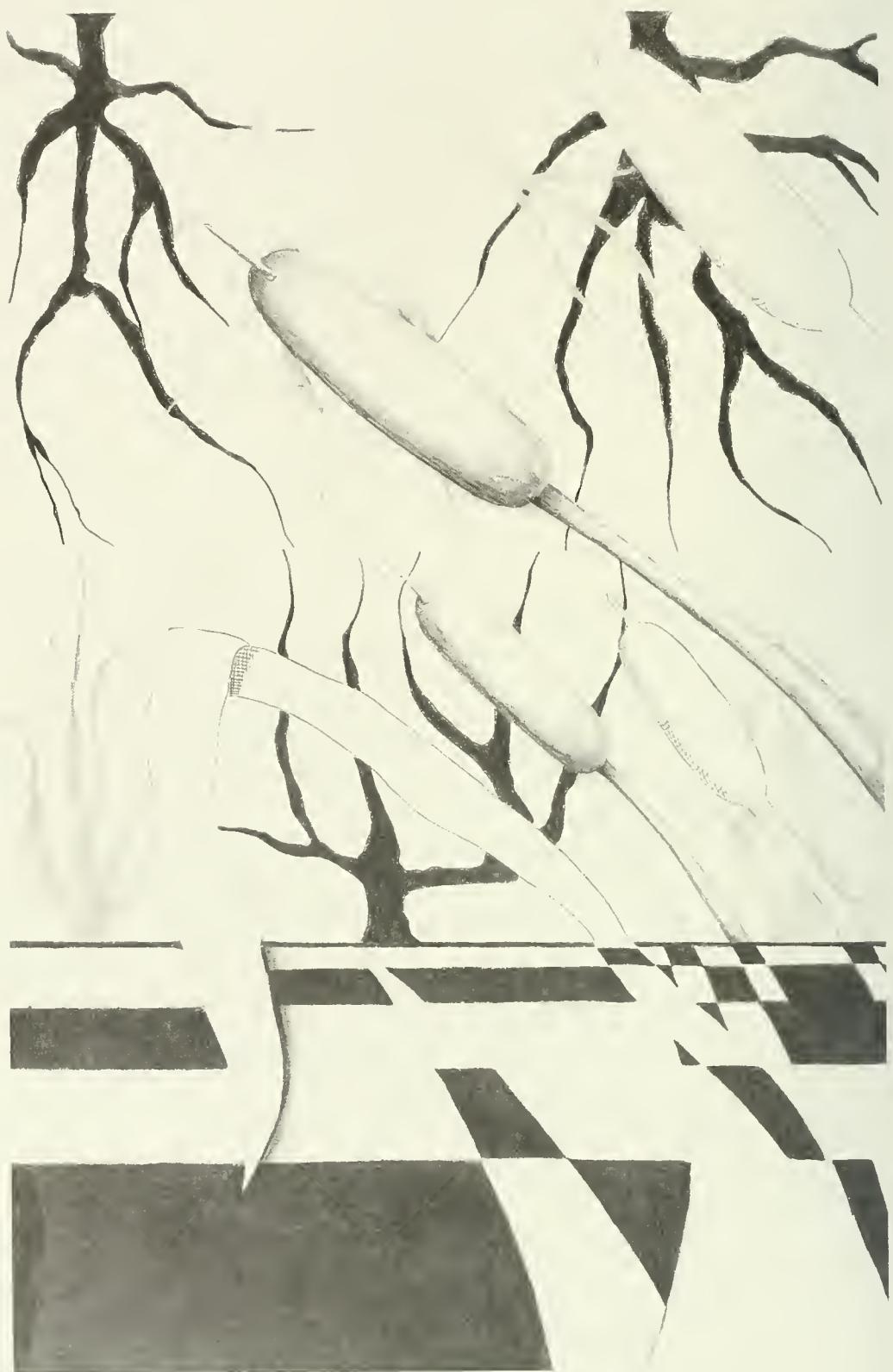
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HOMECOMING

It seems
—At times like these—
That pain has found a
Permanent home within my heart
No matter how much happiness I find
The pain always
Comes home.

Julie R. Poole

HAPPINESS

Sometimes the one who loves you
can be so very sweet.
He'll be thoughtful and sincere,
bringing you gifts and treats.

Sometimes the one who loves you
shows you in many ways.
He'll tell you a million times
that he loves you every day.

Sometimes the one who loves you
will act quite mean and cruel.
He'll not allow you to do anything
except according to his rules.

Sometimes the one who loves you
will not be very kind.
He'll stay our too late and describe to you
every girl he finds.

"How could you be so cold? I ask.
This was his reply:
"If you loved me you would understand."
Well, I'll tell you, "I tried."

Elisha Hare

THE PARADOX

If my mind had been open,
Could my eyes have seen more?
Would I have died sooner,
Had I opened the door.

If my mind had been open,
I would have seen more;
I would've looked through the opening
I made with the door.

I would have looked at my past,
as dark as could be,
though not dark enough
for still I could see.

The dark years behind me;
I had robbed and I had stole,
I'd lied and I'd cheated;
the bottle controlled.

The ones who loved me,
I hurt them the most;
My wife, my children,
my mother and dad;
My bottle controlled them,
though not a drink had they had.

With mind that is open,
I turn sharp about;
My eyes see a light,
A life, there's no doubt!

With darkness behind me,
My memory serves well.
I died in the darkness,
I know there's a Hell.

With mind that is open,
I stand in the light.
This first day of living,
I know this is life!

Just twelve easy steps,
I take a little each day,
With my Higher Power,
A.A. is the way.

Each new day's the beginning
The very first of the rest —
Just twelve easy steps,
My new life is the Best.

“Reality with Love”

I can only say hello
When my friends come walking by,
It's hard for me to hide the way
I really feel inside.

I know I'm not good company
And so I stay away,
To fight my own aggression
In my own uncertain way.

Dealing with such loneliness
Is hard for me to bare,
A far cry of a destitute ...
A moment, oh so rare.

The mourning of a broken heart
Takes so much time to heal,
And dealing with the agony
Of hoping it's not real.

Reality brings memories
Of all my childhood dreams,
And now today I'm wishing
That you were here with me.

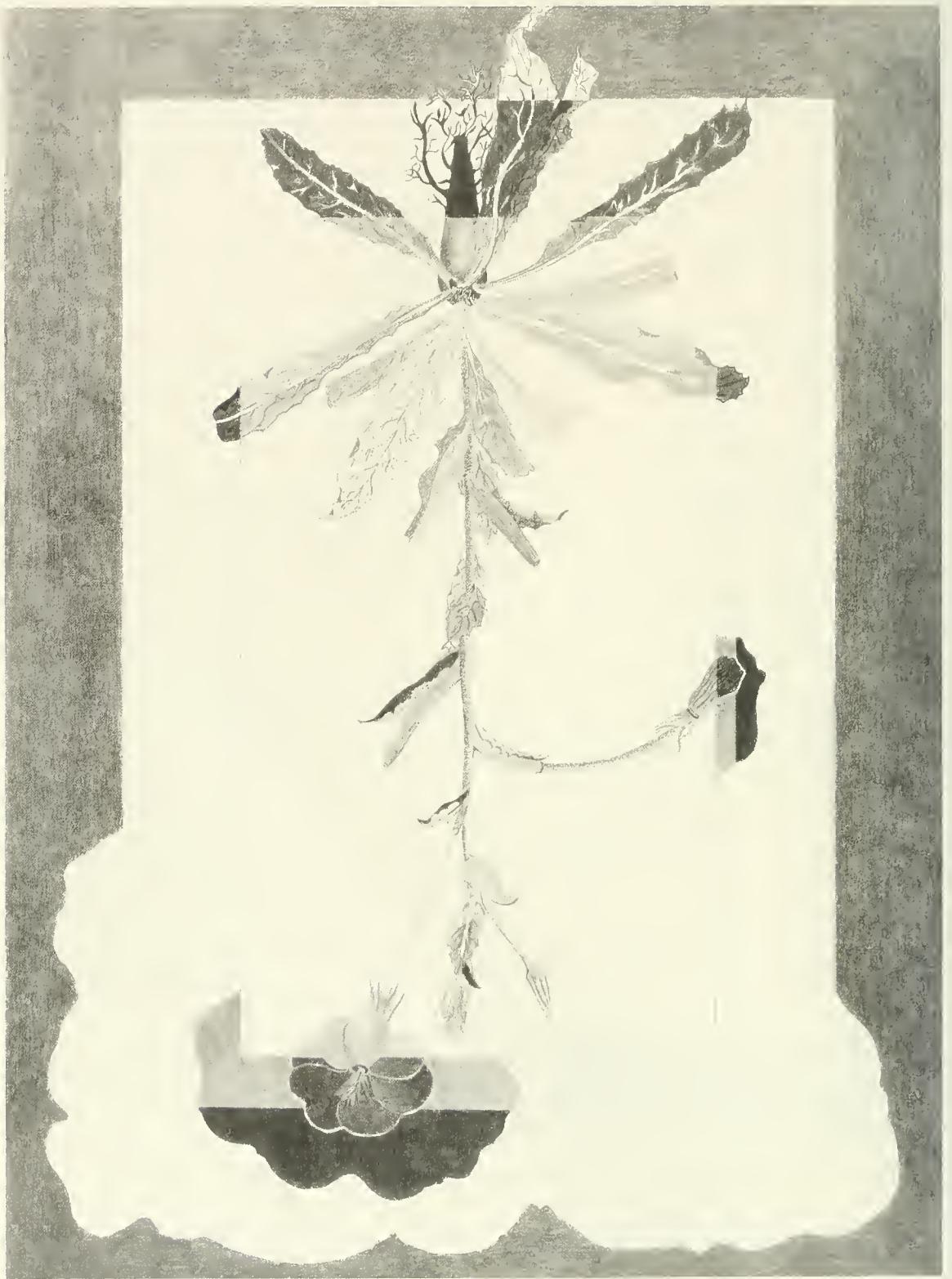
So far away, yet close in heart
I'll always remember you,
And hope one day when my times comes
I'll be right there with you.

Vicki Roberts

INSIGHT

I took a step out of myself, to see what I could see.
How I wish I could read the thoughts of others to know what
they see as me. It's amazing how our friends describe us and
can be so definite as to who we are, when we ourselves, even
though we've been inside, will never understand that far.

Carmen Lindo



Robin Raymond

Picture a soft white rose, still damp from the morning dew, as it turns upward to face the warm loving sun,
Imagine a thousand auburn sunsets over the calm and peaceful sea.

Nature's beauties never dying
never fading
just alluring.

Deeper truths derived from thee,
a greater power there must be.

Steve Von Harten

EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE

The current hums harmoniously in the background,
Like a well-tuned violin playing a love song.
The sun sinks slowly beneath the horizon,
It's work is over until dawn.
With the ending of the day, man has retired,
All is quiet, there isn't a sound.
Here I sit in this picture of tranquility,
With hope at my side with the new love I have found.
A love that has had only a short time to mature,
But this love was meant to be.

So now I am sure this love can endure,
The tests of time and separation.
Love works in ways that are mysterious and strange,
But if it is strong enough, there is nothing it can't change.
The love I feel is stronger than any substance man has made,
It cannot be measured, nor can it be weighed.
As the moon will forever belong to the sky,
And the leaf will belong to the tree,
Our love will last forever,
So Macio, you will always belong to me.

Carmen Lindo

Motown's Number One Son

Once upon a time, there were six great men.
All of them brothers but none of them kin.
Three of them were short, three of them were tall,
Five of them could see, but one not at all.
Motown had a contest and competing were each one.
It was held to see who was Motown's Number One Son.
Most came in cars, but one on a bike.
They arrive one by one and this is what it is like.

The first one through the door has troubles with his girl.
He went through her like a hurricane and left her in a whirl.
He's been a bad boy, and he wants to come home,
But because of the other woman, he now is all alone
He's given up on women, put them in sack.
Now he walks around with a contraption on his back.
Some say he's crazy, but he's a Ghostbuster.
Who could this be? None other than Ray Parker.

The second one there charms his ladies with a love song.
He turns them 'round and 'round and never does them wrong.
He's truly loyal to his girls and can't slow down.
He will love all night long his Penny Lover down town.
He'll tell "you are the sun, and you are the rain;
You mean the world to me, and hello again."
Cooling out with the Commodores or wearing his baggies,
It's always the same.
He's stuck on you and Lionel Richie is his name.

The next one to arrive was the Ebony of Ebony and Ivory.
He's been popular a long time and is known as Little Stevie.
When he was younger he was the sunshine of your life.
But now he's the ribbon in the sky all through life.
He is known as Sir Duke of the Keyboard.
The keys are his sight and they make beautiful chords.
His dark sunglasses makes you feel like paradise.
Of course it's Stevie Wonder you don't have to think twice.

continued

The next one to come was a pretty young thing,
And has the highest male voice you'll ever hear sing.
Some say he's feminine, but he's really off the wall
Just because he kicks up heels and moonwalks down the hall.
His hair caught on fire so he had to beat it.
He's a real rich fellow and full of fun.
That's right it's Billy Jean's man, Michael Jackson.

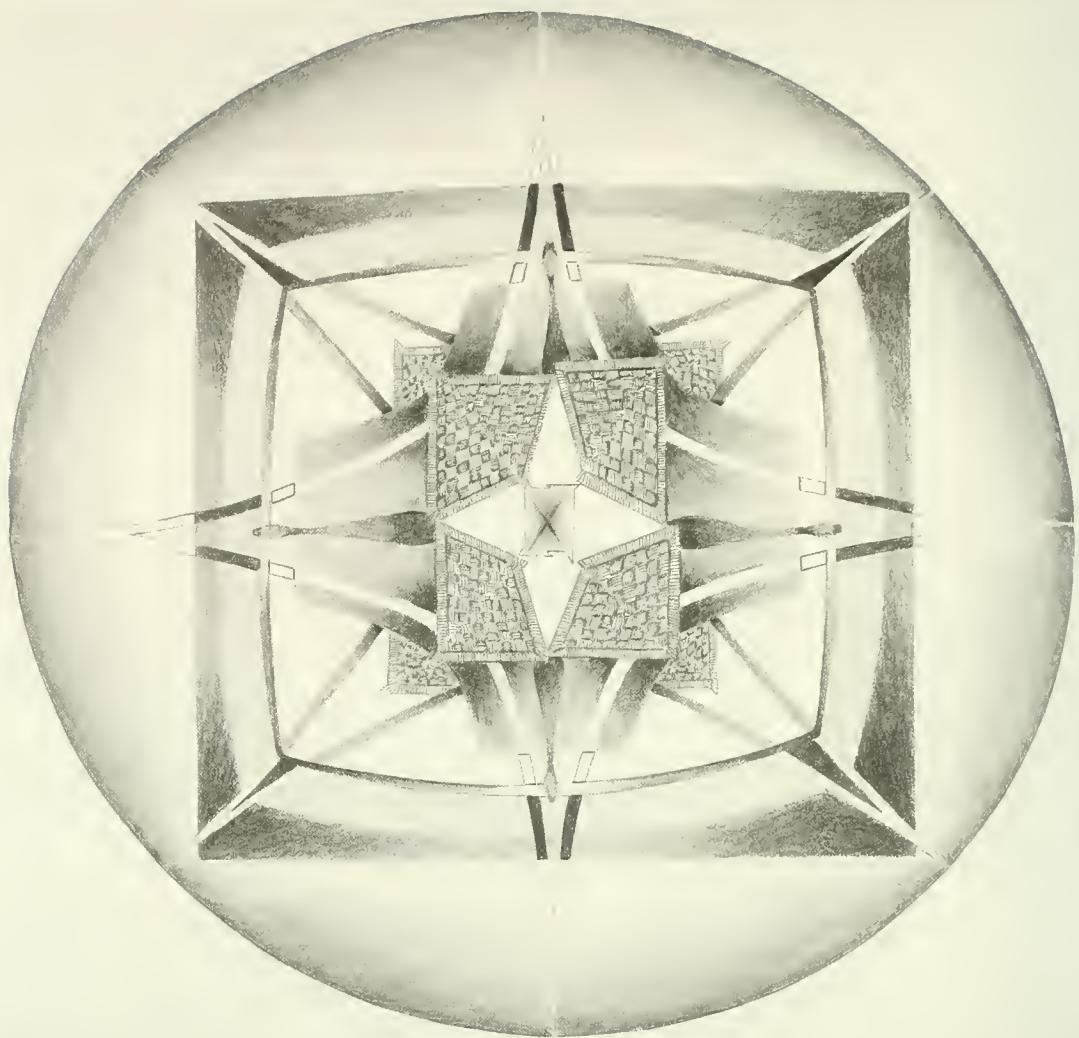
The next one to drive up was on his bike
A short fellow in a purple jacket that
Was not too man-like.
His long black hair and his skimpy mustache
Are his claim to fame.
But his mascara runs when he gets caught in purple rain.
Appalonia is his girl, she's a beautiful one
And they go crazy just for the fun.
He's royal but not in the blood royal sense.
Baby he's a star, and he's a Prince.

Jerome opens the door and the last one steps inside
Dressed in a gold jacket and walking full of pride
He wore Stacy Adams shoes as white as a dove
And his girls love to feel his zany jungle love.
He struts around the room without a word,
Throws up his arms and does the bird.
He's the baddest one there; what can I say?
He's no other than the one and only Morris E. Day!

All of them had arrived and much to their surprise,
It was just like little Stevie had his eyes.
He and Lionel were fighting over a keyboard.
Prince had Michael tied up in guitar cord.
Morris got nervous and started to fly away,
When Ray pulled out his ghostbuster and started blowing them away.
Lazers went every where and out of the Motown Flow
It got all the men, yes it got Ray, too.

What started as a contest, turned into a slaughter
So now we must search for Motown's Number One Daughter!

Martin Davis



John Getts

Bronze and copper paths
lie open to luminous rays
of a descending sun.

Brown woman
crooked over from burden,
sits to rest.

“Jason” she calls,
a tiny brown figure
approaches from behind.

“What you got child?”
A small hand opens
revealing a mineral,
charred and jagged.

A fire stone,
possessing magical powers,
Cherish it.
It is rare.
It's fire heats inner earth
when the sun fades behind mountains.

Place your hand on smooth brown earth.
Feel the heat of its body.
Lay your head on its bosom
my child
and rest
for we shall leave soon.

Bernadette Clement

One Solitary Life
Has touched mine more than any other
Although I do not make it apparent
I must strive to do so
He lived His life for me and
He suffered great pain
To save me in my unworthiness
He makes all the difference in my life.

Julie R. Poole

Life's Puzzle

A jigsaw puzzle -- millions of pieces spread out waiting to be put together.
It seems I've been working on it forever -- but I still have so far to go . . .
I spend hours upon hours searching for just one piece to add to my puzzle.
There are so many to choose from -- it seems I'll never get finished . . .
Some days I get so frustrated I just want to tear it all up and start over with a new one,
But then I remember how long it has taken me to do that little bit . . .
So I walk away from it for a while and come back later to try again.
Some days I have returned to find that a piece I had spent months looking for had mysteriously fallen into place -- How or when it got there I wouldn't know . . .
Several times I have found a "missing piece" simply by looking at the puzzle from a different angle --
It seems like a totally different puzzle when I look at it from a different point of view . . .
There have been many times I have fit pieces together too hastily
And had to rearrange large sections of my puzzle to correct my error . . .
And there have been discouraging times when a piece that I put in at the beginning of my puzzle, That seemed to fit so perfectly then, had to be removed and replaced with another . . .
But sometimes -- just sometimes -- I find a piece that fits perfectly with no problems . . .
Those are the times that make working my jigsaw puzzle worthwhile.
They give me the incentive I need to keep trying for the next piece.
They remind me that if I keep patiently working at it, piece by piece, day by day, Then someday, finally, my puzzle will be complete.

Jean Fowler



Priscilla Ellis

Boyhood Days

Come with me my friend and let's see
What the mirrors of our minds can reveal.
Of young boyhood days of merriment and glee,
Of good times and bad, or horrified thoughts to conceal.

Remember turning over rocks for crawdads,
Climbing trees for baby squirrels.
Hula hoops, barefeet, flattops, and all those fads,
Come with my my friend as your mind unfurls.

Remember that hickory stick and your mama's face
As she "whooped" you til the tears flowed
And you cried, "Mama, Mama please have some grace."
Even hours later this moment of anguish showed.

Remember walking to school and stumped toes,
Of waiting on the bus and ears that froze.
Teachers making you shake, bullies making you squirm.
And that principal -- who could forget -- so gruff and firm?

Come with me my friend and let's see,
What the mirrors of our minds can project,
Of growing old, gray hair, and bended knee,
Of good times and bad, of boyhood days to reflect.

William McBride

Teardrops falling like gentle rains
That grace the springtime
They come softly
Sorrow of a broken heart
Teardrops given to the growth of the flowers
Of one's life.

Julie R. Poole

GIVE THANKS TO GOD

Thank God for life!
Even though it brings much bitterness and strife,
And all our fairest hopes are wrecked and lost.
Even though there is more bad than good in life,
We cling to life and count not its cost.

Thank God for life!

Thank God for love!
Although sometimes grief follows in its wake.
Still we forget love's sorrow and love's joy;
And cherish tears with smiles for love's sake.
Because in heaven sadness is without meaning.

Thank God for love!

Thank God for pain!
No tear has yet been shed in vain.
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find,
Not a curse, but blessings in the sight of pain.
Even when He punishes us, He is still so very kind.

Thank God for pain!

Thank God for death!
Who touches anguished hearts and calms their breath;
And gives peace to each and every troubled heart.
Grief flees with His touch; no longer tortured by death.
Because of God's sweetest gift, His eternal heavenly rest,

Thank God for death!

GIVE THANKS TO GOD FOR ALL THINGS

Freddy Kerr

ONCE

Once it was you who dried my eyes when I cried.
And held me when I was lonely.
Once it was your smile that warmed me and made me happy.
Now all I have to comfort me when I cry is a stuffed bear,
that you gave me. But he stares through shiny, smooth eyes,
and I think he misses you too.

Carmen Lindo



Rob Moody



Dawn Wells

MIDNIGHT GAMES

The moon settled against the dark murky sky and Field knew that any minute he would begin to feel the icy drops of water tumbling down from the low hanging clouds. The autumn season was abruptly coming to an end. In fact, there was snow on the ground from the touch of an early winter. Feeling abit chilled, Field pulled his jacket collar high up around his neck as he walked home from his weekly visit with his aunt, a terminally-ill woman who loved Field as if he were her own son. She was a wealthy woman and planned to leave her only nephew a sizeable share of her fortune.

As thirteen-year-old Fielding Edwards trudged down the little dirt road, he let his imagination get the best of him, as the ancient oak trees seemed to want to reach out and clutch his body with their sharp, pointed branches. Field kept a low profile as his brisk walk home eased his nerves. As the cold, gentle wind numbed his face, Field listened to the dark silence, yet silence was not to be found as wild dogs howled in the distance and owls screetched in the night air. He knew at any moment he would come upon the old evergreen cemetery that had been there for centuries. The cemetery had been neglected and many of the tombstones had sunken into the earth and were scarcely visible. The epitaphs on several were barely legible, as the harsh weather year after year had eaten into the stone fascades.

This was the cemetery Field's sick Aunt Emily had chosen to be buried in at her death. Her older sister Elizabeth who was buried here had died at age 10 from tuberculosis. Emily, being only a year younger, felt a terrible loss because Elizabeth was not only her sister but a friend and playmate. The two sisters rarely quarrelled and the bond between them had made them inseparable. When little Elizabeth died after a grueling battle with her illness, it was as if a part of Emily had died right along with her. But though that was 85 years ago, this being the year 1906, Emily felt as if her sister had died only yesterday. Emily never married, and even as a child, she isolated herself from the rest of the world inside her father's mansion on his grand plantation. Now Emily was an old woman confined to a wheelchair suffering from severe arthritis in her joints. She had not been to visit Elizabeth's tomb in over 50 years.

The two girls had a younger brother named Jonathan, who was much younger, born twelve years after his older sister had died. Emily was a young woman when Field's father was still in grammer school and he rarely saw his sister Emily because she lived in her room on the third floor of their father's mansion. He tended to mind his own business and ignored her. The children's father died in the Civil War; and six years later, their mother passed away leaving behind a huge estate, the mansion and a fortune in cash.

Two days after Elizabeth died, nine-year-old Emily placed her favorite doll inside her sister's ivory coffin that it too might rest beside her sister eternally. The doll was made of fine porcelain and dressed in the finest blue silk that money could buy. It had been given to Emily on her eighth birthday, a treasure for a child so young. The coffin was placed inside a sepulcher that was built especially for "Daddy's little girl."

Field listened to his Aunt Emily's stories many times, stories about her childhood, about her beautiful sister Elizabeth whom God took at such a young age. But Field didn't mind. In fact, he rather enjoyed listening to his aunt's interesting tales while gazing intently at the faded painting of the two sisters that hung in the main parlor of his aunt's mansion. Field loved that old house and could spend hours just wandering in and among the rooms.

Because the threat of winter was heavy in the air, Field knew sleet was possible. Approaching the old cemetery, he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. How much faster, Field thought to himself, would it be to run through the old cemetery rather than walking around it and risking pneumonia. After contemplating for several minutes, he decided to go through it.

While passing tombstones shrouded in the darkness, Field thought he heard a faint cry in the distance. As he got nearer, the strange noise sounded like a girl laughing, but he could not be sure. Knowing he would feel guilty if he didn't investigate, Field followed the strange sounds. Moments later he encountered a young girl skipping about the moss-covered tombstones in a lacy dress that obviously was supposed to be pure white. But now it looked dirty and yellowed as if from great age. She was a beautiful little girl and Field guessed no older than eleven or twelve.

continued

She had long curly ash brown hair that tumbled halfway down her back.

"Who are you," Field inquired, "and what are you doing in the freezing cold?"

The girl introduced herself as Liz and said that she was just waiting for her sister. Field immediately pushed thoughts of home aside because he was so engrossed with finding a girl playing in the cemetery.

"Do you want to play tag?" asked Liz.

"Huh?" said Field, somewhat in a daze.

"I asked you if you would like to play tag with me."

"Oh sure, but only for a little while. I really must get home soon."

So Field and Liz played and played, game after game while time simply passed away. But they made a wonderful pair, she and Field did.

After playing for about an hour, Field said to Liz, "I've really enjoyed playing with you, Liz, but I must get home or my father will beat me."

"Okay," said Liz, "but will you help me do something before you go?"

"Certainly," answered Field in a playful manner. "How, what is it that you want me to help you do?"

Liz looked at Field with her huge blue eyes and said in a quiet voice, "Would you please help me find my doll? I seem to have misplaced her. Actually it's my sister's and she will be furious if she thinks I was so careless."

So the two children looked and looked, and eventually found the doll in some brush near a marble sepulcher. "Oh, there she is!" cried Liz. "I've found her!"

As soon as Field saw the doll something inside of his head clicked; and putting two and two together, he realized that it looked like the porcelain doll that his beloved aunt had described to him time and time again. At first, Field thought he might faint. But no, it just couldn't be.

"What did you say your sister's name is again?" said Field in a somewhat weak voice.

"I don't think I did," answered Liz. "Her name is Emily. Will you come to play with me again soon?"

"Oh sure, I'd love to," replied Field who tried to retain control.

As Field walked home, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled but he felt a happy sensation run through his body. He had a new friend.

As he walked up the steps of his house, Field could see his mother standing in the doorway, anxiously waiting for him. He knew it was time for the third degree.

"And where have you been, young man?" his mother asked him in an angry tone of voice.

"Mother," said Field, "I made a new friend tonight."

"Did you know that your Aunt Emily is dying? Your Father and I just received the message that the doctor believes she won't make it through the night."

Field and his parents got in his father's new horse and buggy and drove as fast as they could to his Aunt Emily's mansion. Field's mother thought that it was important that they be there during Emily's last hours.

Good ole Sloan, the butler, was at the door to greet them and to fill them in on the news. The news was that Field was to go immediately to his Aunt's bedside.

As Field sat on the huge canopied bed beside his aunt, she said in a soft voice, "Where have you been? I've been asking for you for the last few hours."

"Aunt Emily," replied Field, "I made a new friend tonight."

"And who might that be?"

"Some girl. We played for a bit in the old evergreen cemetery."

"That's nice," said the dying Emily in a moaning type of voice. Stay a good boy and make your Aunt Emily proud of you."

In less than an hour, Emily was dead. The memorial service was a beautiful one and two weeks after the mourning period (a tradition in the family), Field decided to go back to the old cemetery in order to try and find Liz. As he walked around the tombstones, he discovered that Liz was nowhere to be found. Dejectedly as he started to walk homeward, out popped Liz from behind one of the tombstones.

"Hi," said Liz, "My sister's here now. Want to play tag with us?"

David Alderman



Randy Nass

Memories

I remember every little thing
As if it were only yesterday:
How you would hypnotize and
Criticize and put me to shame,
I would work from the time
I got home from school,
But it was never quite right.
You make me look like a fool.
I would cry at night
So no one could see my tears,
While always wondering
What were the thoughts of my peers.
You would hit me in the face
Without a reason or excuse.
And my bruises were the price
I had to pay for your abuse.
I lived in hell
Every hour of the day.
I tried my best,
But it never seemed to pay.
But I will always love you, daddy,
No matter what you've done.
Because you will always be my father
And I will always be your son.

Anonymous

The tree stands
Tall and Proud
Radiating an air of self-respect
Every now and again
A storm rages
And the tree bends
Looking helpless and beaten
As the wind whips unmercifully
(so it seems)
But the storms always pass
And the tree always straightens
To stand Tall and Proud
Once again.

Julie R. Poole

SADNESS

Here I sit all alone listening to the rain fall on the ground
of my heart which is so soon to overflow with sadness.
My eyes are like the lights shining bright on the truth,
which I just as well won't face.

My ears are like a tape recorder remembering everything to
perfection. Only, it sometimes gets stuck on pause,
for I don't wish to hear certain things.
And my body is like a buoy in the ocean.
Bouncing around the rough seas,
so unsure, so used, with such an unpredictable future.

Carmen Lindo

Waiting For Mother to Die

Fading memories
flow
as I walk
down hallways ruled
by sickness.

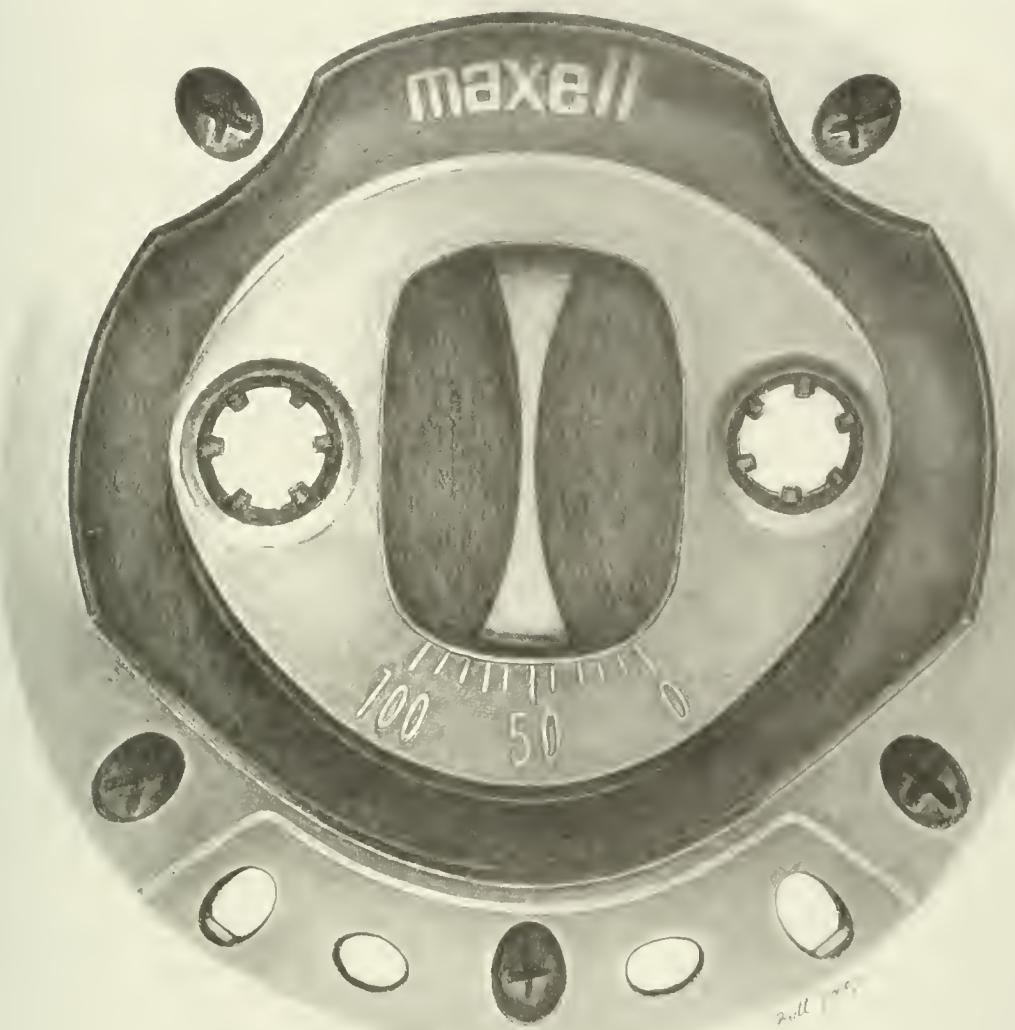
Ammonia
fills my nostrils
as I breathe
the air
of death.

Transparent plastic tubes
force air into
the icy
fading breath

And entertain
my hopes
of living

As I wait
for Mother to die.

Amy Martin



Brett Jones

I Cannot Say No

It may be hard, but maybe one day I'll see,
The world is not what it's cracked up to be.
It starts with a tear in your eye,
Next, you can't say goodbye.
You leave and you say it's forever,
You know deep inside you can never.
I think the people around me realize now
I cannot say no.
It may not be good, but it ain't so bad,
Maybe that's why I'll spend a lot of my life sad.

Ron Parrish

She waits by the open window
Long white gown flowing
In the midnight breeze
A passive look upon her face
Yet restless anticipation in her eyes
He comes to her
After a long absence
Her face electrifies
He cuts her with his smile and
Stabs her with his lies
But it does not matter
She will wait by the open window
And as long as he comes to her
Nothing else matters
No matter how much he hurts her
The remembrance of his kiss
Tugs at her heart
She cannot close the window.

Julie R. Poole

As Time Goes On

Today is a crossroad
for life to begin
A straight road for improvement
that knows no end.

The bridges behind us
are all burned away
The road is elusive
we can't change it today.

We can turn at the crossroad
and continue the past
Yesterday will follow,
how long can this road last?

Steer straight ahead
this road has no end
It's the road for improvement
where the good life begins

Yesterday will follow
as memory serves well
Stay on this straight road
we're now leaving hell

One day at a time
we move on ahead
Little by little
our old life is dead.

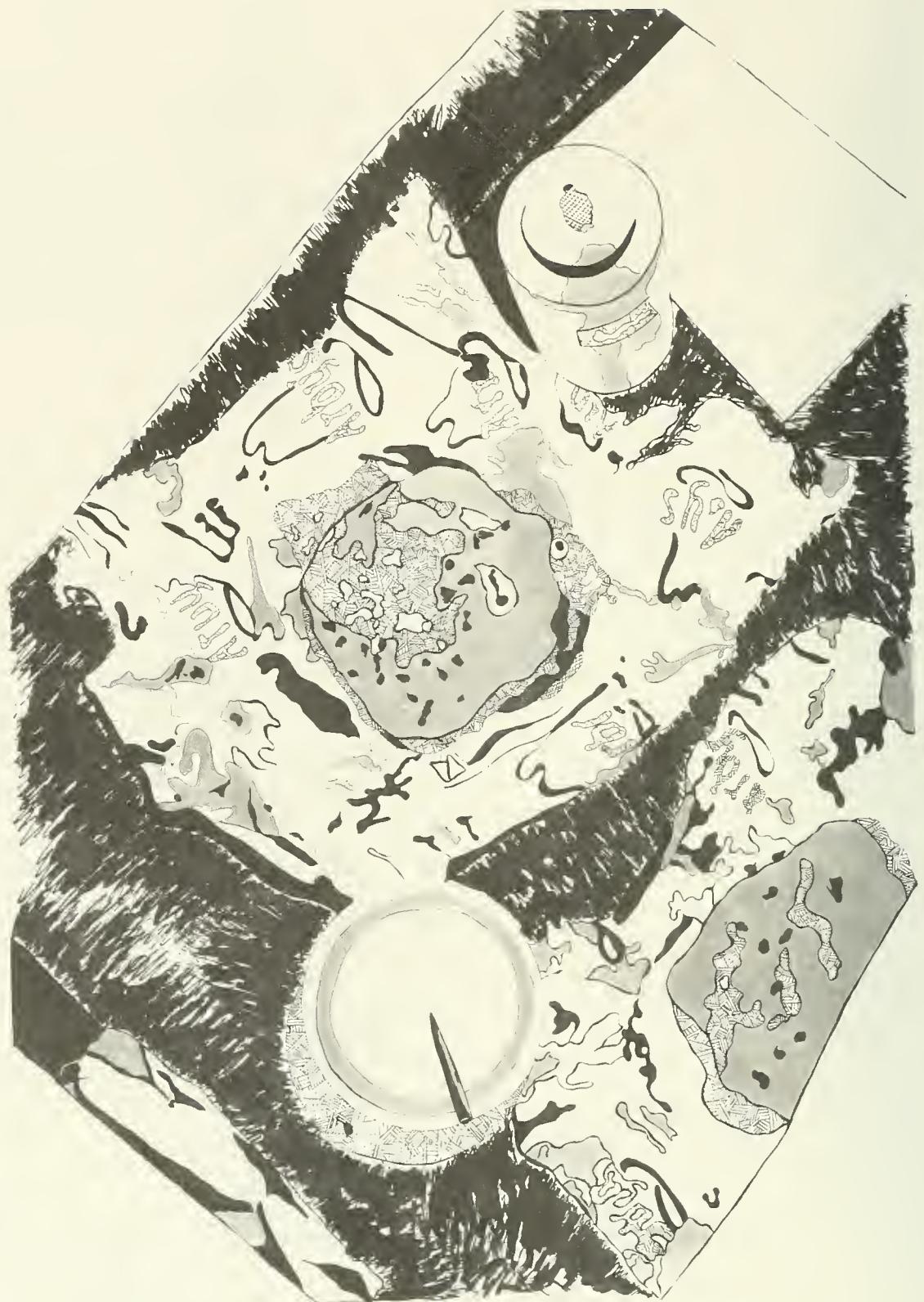
The things we regret
and control us today
Are not far behind us
but we're moving away.

As time goes on
and we continue this path
The regrets will leave us
they'll be far in our past

The road now behind us
is all clear and paved
It's easy to see
the progress we've made

With no regret left
to control our today
Tomorrow is but,
a vision of hope
for a better today.

RPM



Robin Raymond

DESERTED BY A FRIEND?

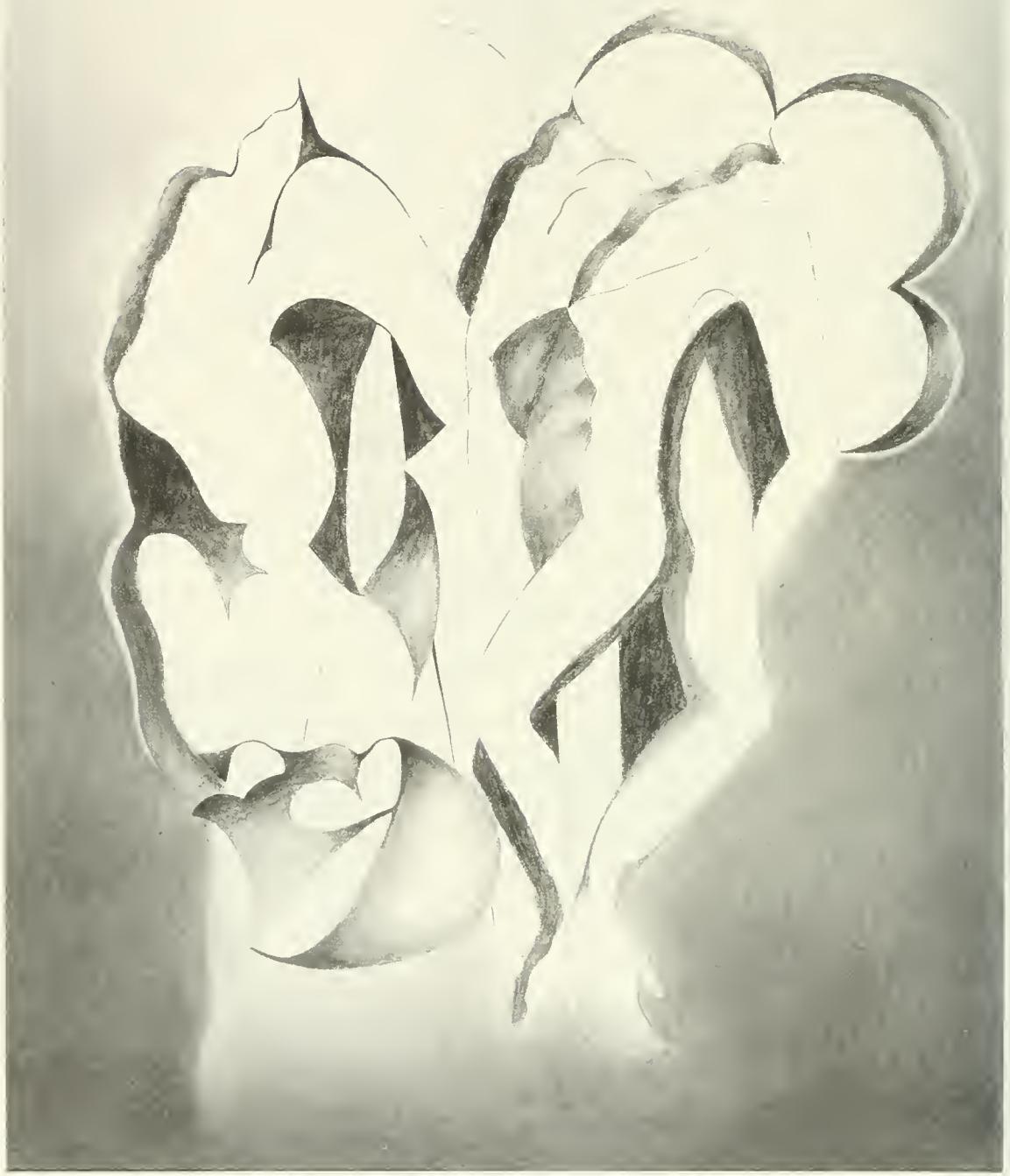
Here I am in this place!
Known, yet unknown am I.
I fight to be heard but I speak among deaf ears.
I cry to let my anxieties and anger out but, I only wreck my
nerves in the same way that someone has wrecked my heart.
I feel so lost but I'm not. And I get cold lonely chills
when the sun is blazing and it's hot.
My eyes see that special person and I reach out to touch him
but, he is blind and doesn't see that I care so much.
It hurts very much but, I realized that to him I don't really
matter. I should just decide to turn away and scatter.
But it's hard to let go of someone when you consider them a
friend, and you care.
Especially when you are going through hard times and you really
need them there.

Carmen Lindo

Grandmother's

As we all pile into the car anticipation sweeps over me. I can't wait to see Nanny; grandmother's are so much fun! They always have something good to eat, and the times spent at Nanny's house are always happy. Of course, Lulu would be there too. Lulu, my mom's sister, has always been special to me, more like a mother than an aunt. Her real name is Grace, but nobody knew her except by Lulu. She is a small woman, not quite five feet tall. All the kids measure their height by Lulu. She seems to never tire of the children who keep running up to hug her in order to see how tall they are. I am small for my twelve years, and no matter how hard I try, I cannot seem to pass Lulu's chin. A few times she even let me stand on my tip toes, but it didn't help. Today, I am hoping that will change. As we pull in the drive-way, Nanny greets us at the door, her blue eyes twinkling. I rush to throw myself into her arms. Terri, my older sister, follows me as I run into the house. Suddenly, a sweet aroma floats down to me. Nanny's been baking! There on the kitchen counter is a huge bowl of banana pudding. No, this is no ordinary banana pudding; this is Nanny's banana pudding! It's packed with vanilla wafers, wafer on top of wafer. This leaves no room for bananas, but as Nanny always says, "The children only eat the cookies so why waste the bananas." After my third bowl, I run to find Lulu. I guess I'm hoping that all the extra pudding will give me some more height. Anyway, it didn't work. I still barely make it to Lulu's chin. Lulu hugs me tightly, gives me a kiss on the cheek, and says, "There's always next week." I smile hopefully, and hurry toward the car where mom and daddy are waiting for me. I slide into the car beside Terri, who's already taller than Lulu. As if she read my thoughts, Lulu looks at me and whispers, "Next week." Only six more days to go!

Tracy Whitten



John Gettys

LET'S PLAY BALL

It was a warm clear day just right for playing ball. All the players were there except him. The coaches and even some of the others, including myself, were asking where he was. Of course, any coach in his right mind would ask where his star pitcher was if he wasn't there.

After practice that day I went home, took a shower, ate, and started reading the paper. While I was reading the sports page, my dad asked me, "Did you see the front page?" "No," I said, having a funny feeling that maybe I should have because I usually read the sports page. "Your good friend shot someone late yesterday afternoon." I took the paper from him in disbelief and started reading. In big black letters the paper read, "Young Boy Kills Hunter In Shooting Accident."

Boy, what a blow to the mid-section. All the papers in the state would have a long article about it. All I could think of was how he would feel when he walked down the street and his friends looked at him. Could he ever talk to any of them? Could they ever talk to him? Could I ever talk to him? I hated that it ever happened and kind of felt guilty in a way. I said to myself that I had to let it pass and forget about it.

About a week passed before any of us saw him again. It was late in the year near the end of our baseball schedule. Everyone on the field saw him pull up. I don't know what it was, but you could feel everyone become tense and silent. When he walked through the gate, I shook his hand, asked him how he was doing. He said that he was doing just fine and wanted to play ball. As the captain of the team, I knew what he was trying to say. I turned around to the other players and said, "Let's play ball."

Mike Smith

I'M TRYING

Are you here with me? Am I alone? Time passes so slowly and I need a friend to talk to when the nights grow long, to share my secrets with, to make me smile when my spirits are low. I get so lonesome sitting by myself. Aloof, detached from the world. I beat at my shell of isolation. But, it is thick and hard to break. Give me a smile, an encouraging word. And I'll pour my heart out to you. It may not be easy, to be my friend. Please be patient - I'm trying.

Carmen Lindo

You're the blood that keeps my heart beating,
You're the sun that warms up my day,
If it were not for you, my life would stop
And my soul would blow away.

You're the light that fills my life with gleam,
You're the food that keeps my body strong,
With all these things you mean to me,
How could my love for you be wrong?

DJG

NO ESCAPES

The waves on the rocks I hear
My heart is moved, I shed my tears
The voice of the deep reaches my ears
And the cold of death grips me with fear

“For the wages of sin is death.” - Romans 6:23

Anthony Khoo



Marty Isom

IN TIME

Memories don't leave you like people do!
Your memories will forever stay with you.
The memories we share are beautiful.
So, remember; in time we will surely be together.
In time the miles that separate us will disappear.
And no longer will we have to fear the thought of loosing one another.
You'll be at my side, my friend and my lover.
When two people love each other as much as we do,
No human intervention can keep them apart.
Only time can stop me from being with you, for this is a love deep in my heart.
So days, months, or years from here,
We will inevitably be as one.
So take heart, my love, don't shed a tear,
For that time, in time, will come.

Carmen Lindo

We've laughed and
We've cried,
We've talked and
We've listened,
Mostly we've shared
Now it's time to move on
But you will take part of me with you
Just as I shall take part of you with me
Forever
Friends.

Julie R. Poole

